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Since its publication, we have seen in various journals poems from the pen of Miss Gould, superior in spirit and elegance to any which it contains. We trust that she will continue to employ her powers in the way which she has thus fortunately selected; for we feel assured that, in proportion as she advances her literary reputation, she will not fail to promote the cause of morality and virtue.

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ART. IX. — *Thomas Carlyle.*

*Sartor Resartus: in three Books.* Reprinted for friends, from Fraser's Magazine. London. 1834.

THIS little work, which, as the title-page informs us, was first published in successive portions in Fraser's Magazine, comes before us under rather suspicious circumstances. It purports to be a sort of commentary, by an anonymous writer, on a late work upon the Philosophy of Dress, or Clothes, by Dr. Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, Professor of the Science of Things in General at the University of Weissnichtwo in Germany. The commentator represents himself as having made the acquaintance of this writer, some years ago, on a visit to the place of his residence; and gives a pretty full description of his personal habits and character, to which we may advert hereafter. Some time after his return, the commentator, or, as he calls himself, the editor, received from his German friend a copy of the work just alluded to, the title of which, at full, is as follows: *Die Kleider, ihr Werden und Wirken*, (Clothes, their origin and influence,) *von Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, J. U. D. &c. Stillschweigen and Co. Weissnichtwo*. The volume was accompanied by a number of the *Weissnichtwo'sche Anzeiger*, containing a notice of it in the following favorable terms. "Here comes a volume of that extensive, close-printed, close-meditated sort, which, be it spoken with pride, is seen only in Germany, perhaps only in Weissnichtwo; issuing from the hitherto irreproachable firm of Stillschweigen and Co. with every external furtherance, it is of such internal quality, as to set neglect at defiance. A work," concludes the well-nigh enthusiastic reviewer, "interesting alike to the antiquary, the historian, and the philosophical thinker; a masterpiece of boldness, lynx-eyed acuteness, and rugged, independent Germanism and philanthropy, (*derben Kerndeutschheit*

und Menschenliebe,) which will not, assuredly, pass current without opposition in high places; but must and will exalt the almost new name of Teufelsdröckh to the first ranks of philosophy in our German Temple of Honor."

The volume was also accompanied by a letter from the author, containing, as is said, a variety of compliments and encomiums upon "the present Editor," but no other instruction in regard to the work than a hope, intimated in the concluding phrase, that it might meet with success in England:—*Möchte es auch im Britischen Boden gedeihen.*

Our commentator, or editor, as he prefers to call himself, on the first perusal of this "remarkable volume," perceived that it exhibited what he affects to consider as an entirely new system of philosophy, and in the author an almost unexampled personal character. Having mastered the contents of the work, he was deliberating rather anxiously upon the best method of imparting to the public the treasure which he supposed himself to have acquired, when his zeal was still farther excited by a letter which he unexpectedly received from Counsellor *Heuschrecke*, the most intimate friend of Teufelsdröckh, with whom our editor had not been in previous correspondence. The counsellor, it seems, after much extraneous matter, entered at large upon the subject of the work in question, described it as creating an extraordinary sensation throughout all Germany, and at length hinted, with much circumlocution, at the practicability of conveying some knowledge of it and of its author to England, and through England to the Far West. The counsellor added, that if our commentator were disposed to undertake a biography of Professor Teufelsdröckh, he (Counsellor Heuschrecke) had it in his power to furnish the requisite documents. This letter decided the previously irresolute purpose of our editor, and he immediately made an arrangement with the publisher of Fraser's Magazine, to furnish him with a series of articles upon the Philosophy of Clothes, and its author.

After commencing and making some progress in his work, the editor represents himself as receiving from his correspondent Heuschrecke another voluminous and discursive letter, accompanying the promised documents, which proved to be a sort of irregular autobiography, consisting of a mass of papers, written by the professor himself upon all sorts of subjects, including his own life and adventures;—the whole deposited

in "six considerable paper bags, carefully sealed, and marked successively in gilt China-ink, with the symbols of the six southern zodiacal signs, beginning at Libra." The editor complains very much of the confusion in which he found these materials, and of the great trouble that he had in collecting from them the facts which he wanted. By dint of hard labor and great perseverance, he finally succeeded in putting together a sort of biography, which occupies the second book of the commentary before us. In the third and last, the editor returns to his task, and concludes his summary of the contents of the work.

Such is the account, given by the "present editor," of the origin of this little work. Though professing in general a good deal of respect for his author, he at times deals pretty freely with him: — "Thou foolish Teufelsdröckh!" and even "Thou rogue!" are among the titles which are occasionally bestowed on him. For ourselves, we incline to the opinion, that the only rogue in the company is the "present editor." We have said that the volume came before the public under rather suspicious circumstances, and, after a careful survey of the whole ground, our belief is, that no such persons as Professor Teufelsdröckh or Counsellor Heuschrecke ever existed; that the six paper bags, with their China-ink inscriptions and multifarious contents, are a mere figment of the brain; that the "present editor" is the only person who has ever written upon the Philosophy of Clothes; and that the *Sartor Resartus* is the only treatise that has yet appeared upon that subject; — in short, that the whole account of the origin of the work before us, which the supposed editor relates with so much gravity, and of which we have given a brief abstract, is in plain English, a *hum*.

Without troubling our readers at any great length with our reasons for entertaining these suspicions, we may remark, that the absence of all other information on the subject, excepting what is contained in the work, is itself a fact of a most significant character. The whole German press, as well as the particular one where the work purports to have been printed, seems to be under the control of *Stillschweigen und Co.* — Silence and Company. If the Clothes-Philosophy and its author are making so great a sensation throughout Germany as is pretended, how happens it that the only notice we have of the fact is contained in a few numbers of a monthly magazine, published at London? How happens it that no intelligence about the

matter has come out directly to this country? We pique ourselves, here in New England, upon knowing at least as much of what is going on in the literary way in the old Dutch mother-land, as our brethren of the fast-anchored isle; but thus far we have no tidings whatever of the “extensive, close-printed, close-meditated volume,” which forms the subject of this pretended commentary. Again, we would respectfully inquire of the “present editor,” upon what part of the map of Germany we are to look for the city of *Weissnichtwo* — “Know-not-where,” at which place the work is supposed to have been printed and the author to have resided. It has been our fortune to visit several portions of the German territory, and to examine pretty carefully, at different times and for various purposes, maps of the whole, but we have no recollection of any such place. We suspect that the city of *Know-not-where* might be called, with at least as much propriety, *Nobody-knows-where*, and is to be found in the kingdom of *Nowhere*. Again, the village of *Entepfuhl*, — “Duck-pond,” — where the supposed author of the work is said to have passed his youth, and that of *Hinter-schlag*, where he had his education, are equally foreign to our geography. Duck-ponds enough there undoubtedly are in almost every village in Germany, as the traveller in that country knows too well to his cost, but any particular village, denominated Duck-pond, is to us altogether *terra incognita*. The names of the personages are not less singular than those of the places. Who can refrain from a smile, at the yoking together of such a pair of appellatives as Diogenes Teufels-droeckh? The supposed bearer of this strange title is represented as admitting, in his pretended autobiography, that “he had searched to no purpose through all the Herald’s books in and without the German Empire, and through all manner of Subscribers-Lists, Militia-Rolls, and other Name-Catalogues;” but had nowhere been able to find the name Teufels-droeckh, except as appended to his own person.” We can readily believe this, and we doubt very much whether any Christian parent would think of condemning a son to carry through life the burden of so unpleasant a title. That of Counsellor *Heuschrecke*, — Grasshopper, — though not offensive, looks much more like a piece of fancy work than a “fair business transaction.” The same may be said of *Blumine* — Flower-Goddess, — the heroine of the fable, and so of the rest.

In short, our private opinion is, as we have remarked, that the whole story of a correspondence with Germany, a university of Nobody-knows-where, a Professor of Things in General, a Counsellor Grasshopper, a Flower-Goddess Blumine, and so forth, has about as much foundation in truth, as the late entertaining account of Sir John Herschel's discoveries in the moon. Fictions of this kind are, however, not uncommon, and ought not, perhaps, to be condemned with too much severity ; but we are not sure that we can exercise the same indulgence in regard to the attempt, which seems to be made to mislead the public as to the substance of the work before us, and its pretended German original. Both purport, as we have seen, to be upon the subject of Clothes, or Dress. *Clothes, their Origin and Influence*, is the title of the supposed German treatise of Professor Teufelsdröckh, and the rather odd name of *Sartor Resartus*, — the Tailor Patched, — which the present editor has affixed to his pretended commentary, seems to look the same way. But though there is a good deal of remark throughout the work in a half-serious, half-comic style upon dress, it seems to be in reality a treatise upon the great science of Things in General, which Teufelsdröckh is supposed to have professed at the university of Nobody-knows-where. Now, without intending to adopt a too rigid standard of morals, we own that we doubt a little the propriety of offering to the public a treatise on Things in General, under the name and in the form of an Essay on Dress. For ourselves, advanced as we unfortunately are in the journey of life, far beyond the period when dress is practically a matter of interest, we have no hesitation in saying, that the real subject of the work is to us more attractive than the ostensible one. But this is probably not the case with the mass of readers. To the younger portion of the community, which constitutes every where the very great majority, the subject of dress is one of intense and paramount importance. An author who treats it appeals, like the poet, to the young men and maidens, — *virginibus puerisque*, — and calls upon them by all the motives which habitually operate most strongly upon their feelings, to buy his book. When, after opening their purses for this purpose, they have carried home the work in triumph, expecting to find in it some particular instruction in regard to the tying of their neckcloths, or the cut of their corsets, and meet with nothing better than a dissertation on Things in General, they will, — to use the mildest terms, — not be in very good

humor. If the last improvements in legislation, which we have made in this country, should have found their way to England, the author, we think, would stand some chance of being *Lynched*. Whether his object in this piece of *supercherie* be merely pecuniary profit, or whether he takes a malicious pleasure in quizzing the dandies, we shall not undertake to say. In the latter part of the work, he devotes a separate chapter to this class of persons, from the tenor of which we should be disposed to conclude, that he would consider any mode of divesting them of their property very much in the nature of a spoiling of the Egyptians.

The only thing about the work, tending to prove that it is what it purports to be, a commentary on a real German treatise, is the style, which is a sort of Babylonish dialect, not destitute, it is true, of richness, vigor, and at times a sort of singular felicity of expression, but very strongly tinged throughout with the peculiar idiom of the German language. This quality in the style, however, may be a mere result of a great familiarity with German literature, and we cannot, therefore, look upon it as in itself decisive, still less as outweighing so much evidence of an opposite character.

From what has been said, our readers will gather, with sufficient assurance, that the work before us is a sort of philosophical romance, in which the author undertakes to give, in the form of a review of a German treatise on dress, and a notice of the life of the writer, his own opinions upon Matters and Things in General. The hero, Professor Teufelsdröckh, seems to be intended for a portrait of human nature as affected by the moral influences to which, in the present state of society, a cultivated mind is naturally exposed. Teufelsdröckh is a foundling, brought up by poor but respectable parents, and educated for the legal profession. He is called to the bar, or, as the phrase is in Germany, admitted as a listener (*auscultator*), and having little business and no property, finds himself rather at a loss for the means of subsistence. While lingering in this uncertain state, he forms an acquaintance with an English traveller, named Towgood, and is patronized to a certain extent by Count Zahdarm, a nobleman whose lady occasionally invites him to a sort of entertainment, which would be called here a blue-stocking party, or *Blue Congress*, but which is dignified in Germany by the more classical title of an *æsthetic tea*. At one of these "æsthetic teas," he falls in love with the Flower-Goddess

Blumine, alluded to above, who seems to be a sort of *demoiselle de compagnie* to the Countess, and who, after lending for a time an apparently favorable ear to his suit, all at once changes her mind, and marries his English friend Towgood. This result increases the uneasiness under which Teufelsdröckh was previously laboring, and he finally quits his profession and place of residence, and sets forth upon his travels, which appear to have been extensive, and are described with sufficient exactness, though in general terms. The worst thing about his case is, that in addition to want, idleness, and disappointment in love and friendship, he fell into a kind of scepticism, or rather absolute unbelief. From this, however, he is gradually restored by a series of changes in his intellectual and moral character, amounting altogether to a sort of philosophical conversion. These changes are described in successive chapters under the titles of the *Everlasting No*, the *Centre of Indifference*, and the *Everlasting Yes*, which may be said to constitute the kernel of the work. Being now in a comfortable frame of mind, the wanderer appeals to his pen as a means of obtaining subsistence, and by a diligent use of it obtains pretty soon the professorship of Things in General at the University of Nobody-knows-where. Here he flourishes in tranquil contentment, and publishes the remarkable, close-printed, close-meditated volume, which forms the subject of the present editor's learned commentary.

Such is the general outline of the story. As a specimen of the style, we extract the following account of the first appearance in the world of the learned professor of *Allerley-Wissenschaft*.

“ ‘ In the village of Entepfuhl,’ thus writes he, in the *Bag Libra*, on various Papers, which we arrange with difficulty, ‘ dwelt Andreas Futteral and his wife ; childless, in still seclusion, and cheerful though now verging towards old age. Andreas had been grenadier Sergeant, and even regimental Schoolmaster under Frederic the Great ; but now, quitting the halbert and ferule for the spade and pruning-hook, cultivated a little Orchard, on the produce of which he, Cincinnatus-like, lived not without dignity. Fruits, the peach, the apple, the grape, with other varieties came in their season ; all which Andreas knew how to sell ; on evenings he smoked largely, or read (as beseemed a regimental Schoolmaster), and talked to neighbors that would listen about the Victory of Rossbach ; and how Fritz the Only (*der Einzige*) had once with



his own royal lips spoken to him, had been pleased to say, when Andreas as camp-sentinel demanded the pass-word, *Schweig Du Hund* (Peace, hound!) before any of his staff-adjutants could answer. '*Das nenn'ich mir einen Koenig*, there is what I call a King,' would Andreas exclaim: 'but the smoke of Kunersdorf was still smarting his eyes.'

"Gretchen, the housewife, won like Desdemona by the deeds rather than the looks of her now veteran Othello, lived not in altogether military subordination; for, as Andreas said, 'the woman-kind will not drill (*wer kann die Weiberchen dressiren*):' nevertheless she at least loved him both for valor and wisdom; to her a Prussian grenadier-Sergeant and Regiment's-Schoolmaster was little other than a Cicero and Cid: what you see, yet cannot see over, is as good as infinite. Nay, was not Andreas in very deed a man of order, courage, downrightness (*Geradheit*); that understood Buesching's Geography, had been in the victory of Rossbach, and left for dead in the camisade of Hochkirch? The good Gretchen, for all her fretting, watched over him and hovered round him, as only a true housemother can: assiduously she cooked, and sewed, and scoured for him; so that not only his old regimental-sword and grenadier-cap, but the whole habitation and environment where, on pegs of honor, they hung, looked ever trim and gay; a roomy painted cottage, embowered in fruit-trees and forest-trees, evergreens and honeysuckles; rising many-colored from amid shaven grass-plots, flowers struggling in through the very windows; under its long projecting eaves nothing but garden-tools in methodic piles (to screen them from rain), and seats, where, especially on summer nights, a King might have wished to sit and smoke and call it his. Such a *Bauergut* (Copyhold) had Gretchen given her veteran; whose sinewy arms, and long-disused gardening talent, had made it what you saw.

"Into this umbrageous Man's-nest, one meek yellow evening or dusk, when the Sun, hidden indeed from terrestrial Entepfuhl, did nevertheless journey visible and radiant along the celestial Balance (*Libra*), it was that a stranger of reverend aspect entered; and, with grave salutation, stood before the two rather astonished housemates. He was close muffled in a wide mantle; which without farther parley unfolding, he deposited therefrom what seemed some Basket, overhung with green Persian silk; saying only: *Ihr lieben Leute, hier bringe ein unschaetzbares Verleihen; nehmt es in aller Acht, sorgfaeltigst benuetzt es: mit hohem Lohn, oder wohl mit schwerem Zinsen, wird's einst zurueckgefordert*, 'Good Christian people, here lies for you an invaluable Loan; take all heed thereof, in all carefulness employ it: with high recompense, or else with heavy penalty, will it one day be required back.' Uttering which singular words, in a clear, bell-like, for-

ever memorable tone, the Stranger gracefully withdrew; and before Andreas or his wife, gazing in expectant wonder, had time to fashion either question or answer, was clean gone. Neither out of doors could aught of him be seen or heard; he had vanished in the thickets, in the dusk; the Orchard-gate stood quietly closed: the Stranger was gone once and always. So sudden had the whole transaction been, in the autumn stillness and twilight, so gentle, so noiseless, that the Futterals could have fancied it all a trick of Imagination, or some visit from an authentic Spirit. Only that the green-silk Basket, such as neither Imagination nor authentic Spirits are wont to carry, still stood visible and tangible on their little parlor-table. Towards this the astonished couple, now with lit candle, hastily turned their attention. Lifting the green veil, to see what invaluable it hid, they descried there, amid down and rich white wrappages, no Pitt Diamond or Hapsburg Regalia, but in the softest sleep, a little red-colored Infant! Beside it, lay a roll of gold Friedrichs, the exact amount of which was never publicly known; also a *Taufschein* (baptismal certificate), wherein unfortunately nothing but the Name was decipherable; other document or indication none whatever.

"To wonder and conjecture was unavailing, then and always thenceforth. Nowhere in Entepfuhl, on the morrow or next day, did tidings transpire of any such figure as the Stranger; nor could the Traveller, who had passed through the neighboring Town in coach-and-four, be connected with this Apparition, except in the way of gratuitous surmise. Meanwhile, for Andreas and his wife, the grand practical problem was: What to do with this little sleeping red-colored Infant? Amid amazements and curiosities, which had to die away without external satisfying, they resolved, as in such circumstances charitable prudent people needs must, on nursing it, though with spoon-meat, into whiteness, and if possible into manhood. The Heavens smiled on their endeavor; thus has that same mysterious Individual ever since had a status for himself, in this visible Universe, some modicum of victual and lodging and parade-ground; and now expanded in bulk, faculty, and knowledge of good and evil, he, as HERR DIOGENES TEUFELSDROECKH, professes or is ready to profess, perhaps not altogether without effect, in the new University of Weissnichtwo, the new Science of Things in General.

"Our Philosopher declares here, as indeed we should think he well might, that these facts, first communicated, by the good Gretchen Futteral, in his twelfth year, 'produced on the boyish heart and fancy a quite indelible impression.' 'Who this reverend Personage,' he says, 'that glided into the Orchard Cottage when the Sun was in Libra, and then, as on spirit's wings, glided

out again, might be? An inexpressible desire, full of love and of sadness, has often since struggled within me to shape an answer. Ever, in my distresses and my loneliness, has Fantasy turned, full of longing (*sehnsuchtsvoll*), to that unknown Father, who perhaps far from me, perhaps near, either way invisible, might have taken me to his paternal bosom, there to lie screened from many a woe. Thou beloved Father, dost thou still, shut out from me only by thin penetrable curtains of earthly Space, wend to and fro among the crowd of the living? Or art thou hidden by those far thicker curtains of the Everlasting Night, or rather of the Everlasting Day, through which my mortal eye and outstretched arms need not strive to reach? Alas! I know not, and in vain vex myself to know. More than once, heart-deluded, have I taken for thee this and the other noble-looking Stranger; and approached him wistfully, with infinite regard: but he too must repel me, he too was not thou.

“ ‘And yet, O Man born of Woman,’ cries the Autobiographer, with one of his sudden whirls, ‘wherein is my case peculiar? Hadst, thou, any more than I, a Father whom thou knowest? The Andreas and Gretchen, or the Adam and Eve, who led thee into Life, and for a time suckled and pap-fed thee there, whom thou namest Father and Mother; these were, like mine, but thy nursing-father and nursing-mother: thy true Beginning and Father is in Heaven, whom with the bodily eye thou shalt never behold, but only with the spiritual.’

“ ‘The little green veil,’ adds he, among much similar moralizing, and embroiled discoursing, ‘I yet keep; still more inseparably the Name, Diogenes Teufelsdröckh. From the veil can nothing be inferred: a piece of now quite faded Persian silk, like thousands of others. On the Name I have many times meditated and conjectured; but neither in this lay there any clue. That it was my unknown Father’s name I must hesitate to believe. To no purpose have I searched through all the Herald’s Books, in and without the German Empire, and through all manner of Subscriber-Lists (*Praenumeranten*), Militia-Rolls, and other Name-Catalogues; extraordinary names as we have in Germany, the name of Teufelsdröckh, except as appended to my own person, nowhere occurs. Again, what may the unchristian rather than Christian ‘Diogenes’ mean? Did that reverend Basket-bearer intend, by such designation, to shadow forth my future destiny, or his own present malign humor? Perhaps the latter, perhaps both. Thou ill-starred Parent, who like an Ostrich must leave thy ill-starred offspring to be hatched into self-support by the mere sky-influences of Chance, can thy pilgrimage have been a smooth one? Beset by Misfortune thou doubtless hast been; or indeed by the worst figure of Misfortune, by Misconduct. Often

have I fancied how, in thy hard life-battle, thou wert shot at and slung at, wounded, handfettered, hamstrung, browbeaten and be-devilled, by the Time-Spirit (*Zeitgeist*) in thyself and others, till the good soul first given thee was seared into grim rage; and thou hadst nothing for it but to leave in me an indignant appeal to the Future, and living speaking Protest against the Devil, as that same Spirit not of the Time only, but of Time itself, is well named! Which Appeal and Protest, may I now modestly add, was not perhaps quite lost in air.

“For indeed, as Walter Shandy often insisted, there is much, nay, almost all, in Names. The Name is the earliest Garment you wrap round the Earth-visiting ME; to which it thenceforth cleaves, more tenaciously (for there are Names that have lasted nigh thirty centuries) than the very skin. And now from without, what mystic influences does it not send inwards, even to the centre; especially in those plastic first-times, when the whole soul is yet infantine, soft, and the invisible seed-grain will grow to be an all overshadowing tree! Names? Could I unfold the influence of Names, which are the most important of all Clothings, I were a second greater Trismegistus. Not only all common Speech, but Science, Poetry itself is no other, if thou consider it, than a right *Naming*. Adam’s first task was giving names to natural Appearances: what is ours still but a continuation of the same, be the Appearances exotic-vegetable, organic, mechanic, stars, or starry movements (as in Science); or (as in Poetry) passions, virtues, calamities, God-attributes, Gods? — In a very plain sense the Proverb says, *Call one a thief and he will steal*; in an almost similar sense, may we not perhaps say, *Call one Diogenes Teufelsdröckh and he will open the Philosophy of Clothes?*”

‘Meanwhile the incipient Diogenes, like others, all ignorant of his Why, his How or Whereabout, was opening his eyes to the kind Light; sprawling out his ten fingers and toes; listening, tasting, feeling; in a word, by all his Five Senses, still more by his Sixth Sense of Hunger, and a whole infinitude of inward, spiritual, half-awakened Senses, endeavoring daily to acquire for himself some knowledge of this strange Universe where he had arrived, be his task therein what it might. Infinite was his progress; thus in some fifteen months, he could perform the miracle of, — Speech! To breed a fresh Soul, is it not like brooding a fresh (celestial) Egg; wherein as yet all is formless, powerless; yet by degrees organic elements and fibres shoot through the watery albumen; and out of vague Sensation, grows Thought, grows Fantasy and Force, and we have Philosophies, Dynasties, nay, Poetries and Religions?

“Young Diogenes, or rather young Gneschen, for by such di-

minutive had they in their fondness named him, travelled forward to those high consummations, by quick yet easy stages. The Futterals, to avoid vain talk, and moreover keep the roll of gold Friedrichs safe, gave out that he was a grand-nephew; the orphan of some sister's daughter, suddenly deceased, in Andreas's distant Prussian birth-land; of whom, as of her indigent sorrowing widower, little enough was known at Entepfuhl. Heedless of all which, the Nurseling took to his spoon-meat and thrived. I have heard him noted as a still infant, that kept his mind much to himself; above all, that seldom or never cried. He already felt that Time was precious; that he had other work cut out for him than whimpering."

After a detailed account of the adventures of the Professor at schools, academies and colleges, we come to a chapter, entitled *Romance*, which describes his unfortunate flirtation with the Flower-Goddess.

"'For long years,' writes Teufelsdröckh, 'had the poor Hebrew, in this Egypt of an Auscultatorship, painfully toiled, baking bricks without stubble, before ever the question once struck him with entire force: For what? — *Beym Himmel!* For Food and Warmth! And are Food and Warmth nowhere else, in the whole wide Universe, discoverable? — Come of it what might, I resolved to try.'

"Thus then are we to see him in a new independent capacity, though perhaps far from an improved one. Teufelsdröckh is now a man without Profession. Quitting the common Fleet of herring-busses and whalers, where indeed his leeward, laggard condition was painful enough, he desperately steers off, on a course of his own, by sextant and compass of his own. Unhappy Teufelsdröckh! Though neither Fleet, nor Traffic, nor Commodores pleased thee, still was it not *a Fleet*, sailing in prescribed track, for fixed objects; above all, in combination, wherein, by mutual guidance, by all manner of loans and borrowings, each could manifoldly aid the other? How wilt thou sail in unknown seas; and for thyself find that shorter, Northwest Passage to thy fair Spice-country of a Nowhere? — A solitary rover, on such a voyage, with such nautical tactics, will meet with adventures. Nay, as we forthwith discover, a certain Calypso-Island detains him at the very outset; and as it were falsifies and oversets his whole reckoning.

"'If in youth,' writes he once, 'the Universe is majestically unveiling, and everywhere Heaven revealing itself on Earth, nowhere to the Young Man does this Heaven on Earth so immediately reveal itself as in the Young Maiden. Strangely enough, in

this strange life of ours, it has been so appointed. On the whole, as I have often said, a Person (*Personlichkeit*) is ever holy to us ; a certain orthodox Anthropomorphism connects my *Me* with all *Thees* in bonds of Love : but it is in this approximation of the Like and Unlike, that such heavenly attraction, as between Negative and Positive, first burns out into a flame. Is the pitifullest mortal Person, think you, indifferent to us ? Is it not rather our heartfelt wish to be made one with him ; to unite him to us, by gratitude, by admiration, even by fear ; or failing all these, unite ourselves to him ? But how much more, in this case of the Like-Unlike ! Here is conceded us the higher mystic possibility of such a union, the highest in our Earth ; thus, in the conducting medium of Fantasy, flames forth that *fire-development* of the universal Spiritual Electricity, which, as unfolded between man and woman, we first emphatically denominate Love.

“ In every well-conditioned stripling, as I conjecture, there already blooms a certain prospective Paradise, cheered by some fairest Eve ; nor in the stately vistas and flowerage and foliage of that Garden is a Tree of Knowledge, beautiful and awful in the midst thereof, wanting. Perhaps, too, the whole is but the lovelier if Cherubim and a flaming sword divide it from all footsteps of men ; and grant him, the imaginative stripling, only the view, not the entrance. Happy season of virtuous youth, when Shame is still an impassable celestial barrier ; and the sacred air-cities of Hope have not shrunk into the mean clay-hamlets of Reality ; and man, by his nature, is yet infinite and free !

“ ‘As for our young Forlorn,’ continues Teufelsdröckh, evidently meaning himself, ‘in his secluded way of life, and with his glowing Fantasy, the more fiery that it burnt under cover, as in a reverberating furnace, his feeling towards the Queens of this Earth was, and indeed is, altogether unspeakable. A visible Divinity dwelt in them ; to our young Friend all women were holy, were heavenly. As yet he but saw them flitting past, in their many-colored angel plumage ; or hovering mute and inaccessible on the outskirts of *Æsthetic Tea* : all of air they were, all Soul and Form ; so lovely, like mysterious priestesses, in whose hand was the invisible Jacob’s-ladder, whereby man might mount into very Heaven. That he, our poor Friend, should ever win for himself one of these Gracefuls (*Holden*) — *Ach Gott !* how could he hope it ; should he not have died under it ? There was a certain delirious vertigo in the thought.

“ Thus was the young man, if all sceptical of Demons and Angels, such as the vulgar had once believed in, nevertheless not unvisited by hosts of true Skyborn, who visibly and audibly hovered round him whereso he went ; and they had that religious worship in his thought, though as yet it was by their mere earthly

and trivial name that he named them. But now, if on a soul so circumstanced, some actual Air-maiden, incorporated into tangibility, and reality, should cast any electric glance of kind eyes, saying thereby, 'Thou too mayest love and be loved;' and so kindle him, — good Heaven! what a volcanic earthquake-bringing, all-consuming fire were probably kindled!

"Such a fire, it afterwards appears, did actually burst forth, with explosions more or less Vesuvian, in the inner man of Herr Diogenes; as indeed how could it fail? A nature, which, in his own figurative style, we might say, had now not a little carbonized tinder of Irritability; with so much nitre of latent Passion, and sulphurous Humor enough; the whole lying in such hot neighborhood, close by a 'reverberating furnace of Fantasy:' have we not here the components of driest Gunpowder, ready, on occasion of the smallest spark, to blaze up? Neither, in this our Life-element, are sparks anywhere wanting. Without doubt, some Angel, whereof so many hovered round, must one day, leaving 'the outskirts of *Æsthetic Tea*,' flit nigher; and, by electric Promethean glance, kindle no despicable firework. Happy, if it indeed proved a Firework, and flamed off rocket-wise, in successive beautiful bursts of splendor, each growing naturally from the other, through the several stages of a happy Youthful Love; till the whole were safely burnt out; and the young soul relieved, with little damage! Happy, if it did not rather prove a Conflagration and mad Explosion; painfully lacerating the heart itself; nay perhaps bursting the heart in pieces (which were Death); or at best, bursting the thin walls of your 'reverberating furnace,' so that it rage thenceforth all unchecked among the contiguous combustibles (which were Madness): till of the so fair and manifold internal world of our Diogenes, there remained Nothing, or only the 'Crater of an extinct volcano!'

"From multifarious Documents in this Bag *Capricornus*, and in the adjacent ones on both sides thereof, it becomes manifest that our Philosopher, as stoical and cynical as he now looks, was heartily and even frantically in Love: here, therefore, may our old doubts whether his heart were of stone or of flesh, give way. He loved once; not wisely but too well. And once only; for as your Congreve needs a new case or wrappage for every new rocket, so each human heart can properly exhibit but one Love, if even one; the 'First Love which is infinite' can be followed by no second like unto it. In more recent years, accordingly, the Editor of these sheets was led to regard Teufelsdröckh as a man not only who would never wed, but who would never even flirt; whom the grand climacteric itself, and *St. Martin's Summer* of incipient Dotage, would crown with no new myrtle garland. To the Professor, women are henceforth Pieces of Art; of Celestial Art,

indeed ; which celestial pieces he glories to survey in galleries, but has lost thought of purchasing.

“ Psychological readers are not without curiosity to see how Teufelsdröckh, in this for him unexampled predicament, demeans himself ; with what specialities of successive configuration, splendor and color, his Firework blazes off. Small, as usual, is the satisfaction that such can meet with here. From amid these confused masses of Eulogy and Elegy, with their mad Petrarchan and Werterean ware lying madly scattered among all sorts of quite extraneous matter, not so much as the fair one’s name can be deciphered. For, without doubt, the title *Blumine*, whereby she is here designated, and which means simply Goddess of Flowers, must be fictitious. Was her real name Flora, then ? But what was her surname, or had she none ? Of what station in Life was she ; of what parentage, fortune, aspect ? Specially, by what pre-established Harmony of occurrences did the Lover and the Loved meet one another in so wide a world ; how did they behave in such meeting ? To all which questions, not unessential in a Biographic work, mere Conjecture must for most part return answer. ‘ It was appointed,’ says our Philosopher, ‘ that the high celestial orbit of Blumine should intersect the low sublunary one of our Forlorn ; that he, looking in her empyrean eyes, should fancy the upper Sphere of Light was come down into this nether sphere of Shadows ; and finding himself mistaken, make noise enough.’

“ We seem to gather that she was young, hazel-eyed, beautiful, and some one’s Cousin ; high-born, and of high spirit ; but unhappily dependant and insolvent ; living, perhaps, on the not too gracious bounty of monied relatives. But how came ‘ the Wanderer’ into her circle ? Was it by the humid vehicle of *Æsthetic Tea*, or by the arid one of mere Business ? Was it on the hand of Herr Towgood ; or of the *Gnädige Frau*, who, as an ornamental Artist, might sometimes like to promote flirtation, especially for young cynical Nondescripts ? To all appearance, it was chiefly by Accident, and the grace of Nature.

“ ‘ Thou fair Waldschloss,’ writes our Autobiographer, ‘ what stranger ever saw thee, were it even an absolved Auscultator, officially bearing in his pocket the last *Relatio ex Actis* he would ever write, but must have paused to wonder ? Noble Mansion ! There stookest thou, in deep Mountain Amphitheatre, on umbrageous lawns, in thy serene solitude ; stately, massive, all of granite ; glittering in the western Sunbeams, like a palace of El Dorado, overlaid with precious metal. Beautiful rose up, in wavy curvature, the slope of thy guardian Hills ; of the greenest was their sward, embossed with its dark brown frets of crag, or spotted by some spreading solitary Tree and its shadow. To the unconscious Wayfarer thou wert also as an Ammon’s Temple, in the



Libyan Waste ; where, for joy and woe, the tablet of his Destiny lay written. Well might he pause and gaze ; in that glance of his were prophecy and nameless forebodings.'

" But now let us conjecture that the so presentient Auscultator has handed in his *Relatio ex Actis* ; been invited to a glass of Rhine-wine ; and so, instead of returning dispirited and athirst to his dusty Town-home, is ushered into the Garden-house, where sit the choicest party of dames and cavaliers ; if not engaged in *Æsthetic Tea*, yet in trustful evening conversation, and perhaps Musical Coffee, for we hear of harps and pure voices making the stillness live. Scarcely, it would seem, is the Garden-house inferior in respectability to the noble Mansion itself. ' Embowered amid rich foliage, rose-clusters, and the hues and odors of thousand flowers, here sat that brave company ; in front, from the wide opened doors, fair outlook over blossom and bush, over grove and velvet green, stretching, undulating onwards to the remote Mountain peak, so bright, so mild, and everywhere the melody of birds and happy creatures : it was all as if man had stolen a shelter from the Sun in the bosom-vesture of Summer herself.' How came it that the wanderer advanced thither with such forecasting heart (*ahnungsvoll*), by the side of his gay host ? Did he feel that to these soft influences his hard bosom ought to be shut ; that here, once more, Fate had it in view to try him ; to mock him, and to see whether there were Humor in him ?

" Next moment he finds himself presented to the party ; and specially by name to, — Blumine ! Peculiar among all dames and damosels, glanced Blumine, there in her modesty, like a star among earthly lights. Noblest maiden ! whom he bent to, in body and in soul ; yet scarcely dared look at, for the presence filled him with painful yet sweetest embarrassment.

" ' Blumine's was a name well known to him ; far and wide, was the fair one heard of, for her gifts, her graces, her caprices : from all which vague colorings of rumor, from the censures no less than from the praises, had our Friend painted for himself a certain imperious Queen of Hearts, and blooming, warm Earth-angel, much more enchanting than your mere white Heaven-angels of women, in whose placid veins circulates too little naphtha-fire. Herself also he had seen in public places ; that light yet so stately form ; those dark tresses, shading a face where smiles and sunlight played over earnest deeps : but all this he had seen only as a magic vision, for him inaccessible, almost without reality. Her sphere was too far from his ; how should she ever think of him ? O Heaven ! how should they so much as once meet together ? And now that Rose-goddess sits in the same circle with him ; the light of *her* eyes has smiled on him ; if he speak she will hear it ! Nay, who knows, since the heavenly Sun looks into lowest valleys, but Blumine her-

self might have aforetime noted the so unnotable; perhaps, from his very gainsayers, as he had from hers, gathered wonder, gathered favor for him? Was the attraction, the agitation mutual, then; pole and pole trembling towards contact, when once brought into neighborhood? Say rather, heart swelling in presence of the Queen of Hearts; like the Sea swelling when once near its Moon! With the wanderer it was even so: as in heavenward gravitation, suddenly as at the touch of a Seraph's wand, his whole soul is roused from its deepest recesses; and all that was painful, and all that was blissful there, dim images, vague feelings of a whole Past and a whole Future are heaving in unquiet eddies within him.

"Often, in far less agitating scenes, had our still Friend shrunk forcibly together; and shrouded up his tremors and flutterings, of what sort soever, in a safe cover of Silence, and perhaps of seeming Stolidity. How was it, then, that here, when trembling to the core of his heart, he did not sink into swoons, but rose into strength, into fearlessness and clearness? It was his guiding Genius (*Daemon*) that inspired him; he must go forth and meet his Destiny. Shew thyself now, whispered it, or be forever hid. Thus sometimes it is even when your anxiety becomes transcendental, that the soul first feels herself able to transcend it; that she rises above it, in fiery victory; and, borne on new-found wings of victory moves so calmly, even because so rapidly, so irresistibly. Always must the Wanderer remember, with a certain satisfaction and surprise, how in this case he sat not silent, but struck adroitly into the stream of conversation; which thenceforth, to speak with an apparent not a real vanity, he may say that he continued to lead. Surely, in those hours, a certain inspiration was imparted him, such inspiration as is still possible in our late era. The self-secluded unfolds himself in noble thoughts, in free, glowing words; his soul is as one sea of light, the peculiar home of Truth and Intellect; wherein also Fantasy bodies forth form after form, radiant with all prismatic hues.'

"It appears, in this otherwise so happy meeting, there talked one 'Philistine,' who even now, to the general weariness, was dominantly pouring forth Philistinism (*Philistiositaeten*); little witting what hero was here entering to demolish him! We omit the series of Socratic, or rather Diogenic utterances, not unhappy in their way, whereby the monster, 'persuaded into silence,' seems soon after to have withdrawn for the night. 'Of which dialectic marauder,' writes our hero, the 'discomfiture was visibly felt as a benefit by most: but what were all applauses to the glad smile, threatening every moment to become a laugh, wherewith Blumine herself repaid the victor? He ventured to address her, she answered with attention: nay, what if there were a slight tre-

mor in that silver voice? what if the red glow of evening were hiding a transient blush?

“The conversation took a higher tone, one fine thought called forth another: it was one of those rare seasons, when the soul expands with full freedom, and man feels himself brought near to man. Gaily in light, graceful abandonment, the friendly talk played round that circle: for the burden was rolled from every heart; the barriers of Ceremony, which are indeed the laws of polite living, had melted as into vapor; and the poor claims of *Me* and *Thee*, no longer parted by rigid fences, now flowed softly into one another; and Life lay all harmonious, many-tinted, like some fair royal champaign, the sovereign and owner of which were Love only. Such music springs from kind hearts, in a kind environment of place and time. And yet as the light grew more ærial on the mountain tops, and the shadows fell longer over the valley, some faint tone of sadness may have breathed through the heart; and, in whispers more or less audible, reminded every one that as this bright day was drawing towards its close, so likewise must the Day of man's Existence decline into dusk and darkness; and with all its sick toilings, and joyful and mournful noises, sink in the still Eternity.

“To our Friend the hours seemed moments; holy was he and happy: the words from those sweetest lips came over him like dew on thirsty grass; all better feelings in his soul seemed to whisper: It is good for us to be here. At parting, the Blumine's hand was in his: in the balmy twilight, with the kind stars above them, he spoke something of meeting again, which was not contradicted; he pressed gently those small soft fingers, and it seemed as if they were not hastily, not angrily withdrawn.’

“Poor Teufelsdröckh! it is clear to demonstration thou art smit: the Queen of Hearts would see a ‘man of genius’ also sigh for her; and there, by art magic, in that preternatural hour, has she bound and spell-bound thee. ‘Love is not altogether a delirium,’ says he elsewhere; ‘yet has it many points in common therewith. I call it rather a discerning of the Infinite in the Finite, of the Idea made Real; which discerning again may be either true or false, either seraphic or demoniac, Inspiration or Insanity. But in the former case, too, as in common Madness, it is Fantasy that superadds itself to sight; on the so petty domain of the Actual, plants its Archimedes lever, whereby to move at will the infinite Spiritual. Fantasy I might call the true Heaven-gate and Hell-gate of man: his sensuous life is but the small temporary stage (*Zeitbuehne*), whereon thick-streaming influences from both these far yet near regions meet visibly, and act tragedy and melodrama. Sense can support herself handsomely, in most countries, for some eighteenpence a day; but for Fantasy planets and

solar systems will not suffice. Witness your Pyrrhus conquering the world, yet drinking no better red wine than he had before.' Alas, witness also your Diogenes, flame-clad, scaling the upper Heaven, and verging towards Insanity, for prize of a 'high-souled Brunette,' as if the Earth held but one, and not several of these!

"He says, that in Town, they met again: 'day after day, like his heart's sun, the blooming Blumine shone on him. Ah! a little while ago, and he was yet all in darkness: him what Graceful (*Holde*) would ever love? Disbelieving all things, the poor youth had never learned to believe in himself. Withdrawn in proud timidity, within his own fastnesses; solitary from men, yet baited by night-spectres enough, he saw himself, with a sad indignation, constrained to renounce the fairest hopes of existence. And now, O now! "She looks on thee," cried he: "she the fairest, noblest; do not her dark eyes tell thee, thou art not despised? The Heaven's-Messenger! All Heaven's blessings be hers!" Thus did soft melodies flow through his heart; tones of an infinite gratitude; sweetest intimations that he also was a man, that for him also unutterable joys had been provided.

"In free speech, earnest or gay, amid lambent glances, laughter, tears, and often the inarticulate mystic speech of Music: such was the element they now lived in; in such a many-tinted, radiant Aurora, and by this fairest of Orient Light-bringers must our Friend be blanded, and the new Apocalypse of Nature unrolled to him. Fairest Blumine! And, even as a Star, all Fire and humid Softness, a very Light-ray incarnate! Was there so much as a fault, a 'caprice,' he could have dispensed with? Was she not to him in very deed a Morning-Star? Did not her presence bring with it airs from Heaven? As from Eolian Harps in the breath of dawn, as from the Memnon's Statue struck by the rosy finger of Aurora, unearthly music was around him, and lapped him into untried balmy Rest. Pale Doubt fled away to the distance; Life bloomed up with happiness and hope. The Past, then, was all a haggard dream; he had been in the Garden of Eden, then, and could not discern it! But lo now! the black walls of his prison melt away; the captive is alive, is free. If he loved his Disenchantress? *Ach Gott!* His whole heart, and soul, and life were hers, but never had he named it Love: existence was all a Feeling, not yet shaped into a Thought.

"Nevertheless, into a Thought, nay, into an Action, it must be shaped; for neither Disenchanter or Disenchantress, mere 'Children of Time,' can abide by Feeling alone. The Professor knows not, to this day, 'how in her soft, fervid bosom, the Lovely found determination, even on hest of Necessity, to cut asunder these so blissful bonds.' He even appears surprised at the 'Du-enna Cousin,' whoever she may have been, 'in whose meagre,

hunger-bitten philosophy, the religion of young hearts was, from the first, faintly approved of.' We, even at such distance, can explain it without necromancy. Let the Philosopher answer this one question: What figure, at that period, was a Mrs. Teufelsdröckh likely to make in polished society? Could she have driven so much as a brass-bound Gig, or even a simple iron-spring one? Thou foolish 'absolved Auscultator,' before whom lies no prospect of capital, will any yet known 'religion of young hearts' keep the human Kitchen warm? Pshaw! thy divine Blumine, when she 'resigned herself to wed some richer,' shews more philosophy, though but 'a woman of genius,' than thou, a pretended man.'

"Our readers have witnessed the origin of this Love-mania, and with what royal splendor it waxes, and rises. Let no one ask us to unfold the glories of its dominant state; much less the horrors of its almost instantaneous dissolution. How, from such inorganic masses, henceforth madder than ever, as lie in these Bags, can even fragments of a living delineation be organized? Besides, of what profit were it? We view with a lively pleasure, the gay silk Montgolfier start from the ground, and shoot upwards, cleaving the liquid deeps, till it dwindle to a luminous star: but what is there to look longer on, when once, by natural elasticity, or accident of fire, it has exploded? A hapless air-navigator, plunging, amid torn parachutes, sand bags, and confused wreck, fast enough, into the jaws of the Devil! Suffice it to know that Teufelsdröckh rose into the highest regions of the Empyrean, by a natural parabolic track, and returned thence in a quick perpendicular one. For the rest, let any feeling reader who has been unhappy enough to do the like, paint it out for himself; considering only that if he, for his perhaps comparatively insignificant mistress, underwent such agonies and frenzies, what must Teufelsdröckh's have been, with a fire-heart, and for a nonpareil Blumine! We glance merely at the final scene.

"One morning, he found his Morning-star all dimmed and dusky-red; the fair creature was silent, absent, she seemed to have been weeping. Alas, no longer a Morning-star, but a troublous skyey Portent, announcing that the Doomsday had dawned! She said, in a tremulous voice, they were to meet no more.' The thunder-struck Air-sailor is not wanting to himself in this dread hour: but what avails it? We omit the passionate expostulations, entreaties, indignations, since all was vain, and not even an explanation was conceded him: and hasten to the catastrophe. 'Farewell, then, Madam! said he, not without sternness, for his stung pride helped him. She put her hand in his, she looked in his face, tears started to her eyes: in wild audacity he clasped her to his bosom; their lips were joined, their two souls, like two dew-drops, rushed into one, — for the first time, and for the last!' Thus was

Teufelsdröckh made immortal by a kiss. And then? Why, then, — ‘thick curtains of Night rushed over his soul, as rose the immeasurable Crash of Doom; and through the ruins as of a shivered Universe, was he falling, falling, towards the Abyss.’ ”

The Professor now sets forth upon his travels, melancholy enough, as may be supposed. The uneasiness of mind under which he labored, and his first attempts to escape from it, are described in the following passage.

“ ‘So had it lasted,’ concludes the Wanderer, ‘so had it lasted, as in bitter protracted Death-agony, through long years. The heart within me, unvisited by any heavenly dew-drop, was smouldering in sulphurous, slow-consuming fire. Almost since earliest memory I had shed no tear; or once only when I, murmuring half-audibly, recited Faust’s Deathsong, that wild *Selig der den er im Siegesglanze findet* (Happy whom He finds in Battle’s splendor,) and thought that of this last Friend even I was not forsaken, that Destiny itself could not doom me not to die. Having no Hope, neither had I any definite Fear, were it of Man or of Devil: nay, I often felt as if it might be solacing, could the Arch-Devil himself, though in tartarean terrors, but rise to me, that I might tell him a little of my mind. And yet, strangely enough, I lived in a continual, indefinite, pining Fear; tremulous, pusillanimous, apprehensive of I knew not what; it seemed as if all things in the Heavens above and the Earth beneath would hurt me; as if the Heavens and the Earth were but boundless Jaws of a devouring Monster, wherein I, palpitating, waited to be devoured.

“ ‘Full of such humor, and perhaps the miserablest man in the whole French Capital or Suburbs, was I, one sultry Dog day, after much perambulation, toiling along the dirty little *Rue-Saint-Thomas-de-l’Enfer*, among civic rubbish enough, in a close atmosphere, and over pavements hot as Nebuchadnezzar’s Furnace; whereby doubtless my spirits were little cheered; when, all at once, there rose a Thought in me, and I asked myself: “What art thou afraid of? Wherefore, like a coward, dost thou for ever pip and whimper, and go cowering and trembling? Despicable biped! what is the sum-total of the worst that lies before thee? Death? Well, Death; and say the pangs of Tophet too, and all the Devil and Man may, will, or can do against thee! Hast thou not a heart? canst thou not suffer whatso it be; and, as a Child of Freedom, though outcast, trample Tophet itself under thy feet, while it consumes thee? Let it come, then; I will meet it, and defy it!” And as I so thought, there rushed like a stream of fire over my whole soul: and I shook base Fear away from me for ever. I was strong, of unknown strength; a spirit, almost a god.

Ever from that time, the temper of my misery was changed : not Fear or whining Sorrow was it, but Indignation and grim fire-eyed Defiance.

“ ‘ Thus had the EVERLASTING NO (*das Ewige Nein*) pealed authoritatively through all the recesses of my Being, of my ME ; and then was it that my whole ME stood up in native God-created majesty, and with emphasis recorded its Protest. Such a Protest, the most important transaction in Life, may that same Indignation and Defiance, in a psychological point of view, be fitly called. The Everlasting No had said : ‘ Behold, thou art fatherless, out-cast, and the Universe is mine (the Devil’s) ; ’ to which my whole Me now made answer : ‘ I am not thine, but Free, and for ever hate thee ! ’ ”

“ ‘ It is from this hour that I incline to date my Spiritual New-birth, or Baphometric Fire-baptism ; perhaps I directly thereupon began to be a Man. ’ ”

He is now comparatively comfortable and looks about him with more curiosity, and interest upon the world.

“ Though, after this ‘ Baphometric Fire-baptism ’ of his, our Wanderer signifies that his Unrest was but increased ; as, indeed, ‘ Indignation and Defiance, ’ especially against things in general, are not the most peaceable inmates ; yet can the Psychologist surmise that it was no longer a quite hopeless Unrest ; that henceforth it had at least a fixed centre to revolve round. For the fire-baptised soul, long so scathed and thunder-riven, here feels its own Freedom, which feeling is its Baphometric Baptism : the citadel of its whole kingdom it has thus gained by assault, and will keep inexpugnable ; outwards from which the remaining dominions, not indeed without hard battling, will doubtless by degrees be conquered and pacificated. Under another figure, we might say, if in that great moment, in the *Rue-Saint-Thomas-de l’Enfer*, the old inward Satanic School was not yet thrown out of doors, it received peremptory judicial notice to quit ; whereby, for the rest, its howl-chantings, Ernulphus-cursings, and rebellious gnashings of teeth, might, in the meanwhile, become only the more tumultuous, and difficult to keep secret.

“ Accordingly, if we scrutinize these Pilgrimings well, there is, perhaps, discernible henceforth a certain incipient method in their madness. Not wholly as a Spectre does Teufelsdröckh now storm through the world ; at worst as a spectre-fighting Man, nay that will one day be a Spectre-queller. If pilgriming restlessly to so many ‘ Saint’s Wells, ’ and ever without quenching of his thirst, he nevertheless finds little secular wells, whereby from time to time some alleviation is ministered. In a word, he is now, if not ceas-

ing, yet intermitting to 'eat his own heart;' and clutches round him outwardly, on the NOT-ME for wholesomer food. Does not the following glimpse exhibit him in a much more natural state?

" ' Towns also and Cities, especially the ancient, I failed not to look upon with interest. How beautiful to see thereby, as through a long vista, into the remote Time; to have, as it were, an actual section of almost the earliest Past brought safe into the Present, and set before your eyes! There, in that old City, was a live ember of Culinary Fire put down, say only two thousand years ago; and there, burning more or less triumphantly, with such fuel as the region yielded, it has burnt, and still burns, and thou thyself seest the very smoke thereof. Ah! and the far more mysterious live ember of Vital Fire was then also put down there; and still miraculously burns and spreads; and the smoke and ashes thereof (in these Judgment-Halls and Churchyards), and its bellows-engines (in these Churches), thou still seest; and its flame, looking out from every kind countenance, and every hateful one, still warms thee or scorches thee.

" ' Of man's Activity and Attainment the chief results are aeriform, mystic, and preserved in tradition only: such are his Forms of Government, with the Authority they rest on; his Customs, or Fashions both of Cloth-habits and of Soul-habits; much more his collective stock of Handicrafts, the whole Faculty he has required of manipulating Nature: all these things, as indispensable and priceless as they are, cannot in any way be fixed under lock and key, but must flit, spirit-like, on impalpable vehicles, from Father to Son; if you demand sight of them, they are nowhere to be met with. Visible Ploughmen and Hammermen there have been, ever from Cain and Tubalcain downwards: but where does your accumulated Agricultural, Metallurgic, and other Manufacturing SKILL lie warehoused? It transmits itself on the atmospheric air, on the sun's rays, (by Hearing and by Vision); it is a thing aeriform, impalpable, of quite spiritual sort. In like manner, ask me not, Where are the LAWS? where is the GOVERNMENT? In vain wilt thou go to Schoenbrunn, to Downing street, to the Palais Bourbon: thou findest nothing there, but brick or stone houses, and some bundles of Papers tied with tape. Where then is that same cunningly-devised almighty GOVERNMENT of theirs to be laid hands on? Everywhere, yet nowhere: seen only in its works, this too is a thing aeriform, invisible; or if you will, mystic and miraculous. So spiritual (*geistig*) is our whole daily Life: all that we do springs out of Mystery, Spirit, invisible Force; only like a little Cloud-image, or Armida's Palace, air-built, does the Actual body itself forth from the great mystic Deep.

" ' Visible and tangible products of the Past, again, I reckon up to the extent of three: Cities, with their Cabinets and Arsenals;



their tilled fields, to either or to both of which divisions Roads with their Bridges may belong ; and thirdly, — Books. In which third truly, the last-invented, lies a worth far surpassing that of the two others. Wondrous indeed is the virtue of a true Book. Not like a dead city of stones, yearly crumbling, yearly needing repair ; more like a tilled Field, but then a spiritual Field : like a spiritual Tree, let me rather say, it stands from year to year, and from age to age (we have Books that already number some hundred-and-fifty human ages) ; and yearly comes its new produce of Leaves (Commentaries, Deductions, Philosophical, Political Systems ; or were it only Sermons, Pamphlets, Journalistic Essays), every one of which is talismanic and thaumaturgic, for it can persuade men. O thou who art able to write a Book, which once in the two centuries or oftener there is a man gifted to do, envy not him whom they name City-builder, and inexpressibly pity him whom they name Conqueror or City-Burner ! Thou too art a Conqueror and Victor ; but of the true sort, namely, over the Devil : thou too hast built what will outlast all marble and metal, and be a wonderbringing City of the Mind, a Temple and Seminary and Prophetic Mount, whereto all kindreds of the Earth will pilgrim. — Fool ! why journeyest thou wearisomely, in thy antiquarian fervor, to gaze on the stone Pyramids of Geeza, or the clay ones of Sacchara ? These stand there, as I can tell thee, idle and inert, looking over the Desert, foolishly enough, for the last three thousand years : but canst thou not open thy Hebrew BIBLE, then, or even Luther's version thereof ? ”

The Pilgrim's progress through the *Centre of Indifference* to the high table-land of the *Everlasting Yes*, is thus narrated.

“ He says : ‘ The hot Harmattan-wind had raged itself out ; its howl went silent within me ; and the long-deafened soul could now hear. I paused in my wild wanderings ; and sat me down to wait, and consider ; for it was as if the hour of change drew nigh. I seemed to surrender, to renounce utterly, and say : Fly, then, false shadows of Hope ; I will chase you no more. I will believe you no more. And ye too, haggard spectres of Fear, I care not for you ; ye too are all shadows and a lie. Let me rest here ; for I am way-weary and life-weary ; I will rest here, were it but to die : to die or to live is alike to me ; alike insignificant.’ — And again : ‘ Here, then, as I lay in that CENTRE OF INDIFFERENCE ; cast, doubtless, by benignant upper Influence, into a healing sleep, the heavy dreams rolled gradually away, and I awoke to a new Heaven and a new Earth. The first preliminary moral Act, Annihilation of Self (*Sebst-toedtung*), had been happily accomplished ; and my mind's eyes were now unsealed, and its hands ungyved.’ ”

“Might we not also conjecture that the following passage refers to his Locality, during this same ‘healing sleep ;’ that his Pilgrim-staff lies cast aside here, on ‘the high table-land ;’ and indeed that the repose is already taking wholesome effect on him ? Were it not that the tone, in some parts, has more of riancy, even of levity, than we could have expected. However, in Teufels-droeckh, there is always the strangest Dualism : light dancing, with guitar music, will be going on in the fore-court, while by fits from within comes the faint whimpering of woe and wail. We transcribe the piece entire :

“ ‘ Beautiful it was to sit there, as in my skyey Tent, musing and meditating ; on the high table-land, in front of the Mountains ; over me, as roof, the Azure Dome ; and around me, for walls, Four azure flowing curtains, — namely, of the four azure Winds, on whose bottom-fringes also I have seen gilding. And then to fancy the fair Castles that stood sheltered in these Mountain hollows ; with their green flower-lawns, and white dames and damosels, lovely enough : or better still, the straw-roofed Cottages, wherein stood many a Mother baking bread, with her children round her : — all hidden and protectingly folded up in the valley-folds ; yet there and alive, as sure as if I beheld them. Or to see, as well as fancy, the nine Towns and Villages, that lay round my mountain-seat, which, in still weather, were wont to speak to me (by their steeple-bells) with metal tongue ; and, in almost all weather, proclaimed their vitality by repeated Smoke-clouds ; whereon, as on a culinary horologe, I might read the hour of the day. For it was the smoke of cookery, as kind housewives, at morning, midday, eventide, were boiling their husband’s kettles ; and ever a blue pillar rose up into the air, successively or simultaneously, from each of the nine, saying, as plainly as smoke could say : Such and such a meal is getting ready here. Not uninteresting ! For you have the whole borough, with all its love-makings and scandal-mongeries, contentions and contentments, as in miniature, and could cover it all with your hat. — If, in my wide Wayfarings, I had learned to look into the business of the world in its details, here perhaps was the place for combining it into general propositions, and deducing inferences therefrom.

“ ‘ Often also could I see the black Tempest marching in anger through the Distance ; round some Schreckhorn, as yet grim-blue, would the eddying vapor gather, and there tumultuously eddy, and flow down like a mad witch’s hair ; till, after a space, it vanished, and, in the clear sun-beam, your Schreckhorn stood smiling grimwhite, for the vapor had held snow. How thou fermenteest and elaboratest, in thy great fermenting-vat and laboratory of an Atmosphere, of a world, O Nature ! — Or what is Nature ?

Ha! why do I not name thee GOD? Art thou not the "Living Garment of God?" O Heavens, is it, in very deed, HE, then, that ever speaks through thee; that lives and loves in thee, that lives and loves in me?

"'Foreshadows, call them rather fore-splendors, of that Truth, and Beginning of Truths, fell mysteriously over my soul. Sweeter than Dayspring to the Shipwrecked in Nova Zembla; ah! like the mother's voice to her little child that strays bewildered, weeping, in unknown tumults; like soft streamings of celestial music to my too exasperated heart, came that Evangele. The Universe is not dead and demoniacal, a charnel-house with spectres; but godlike, and my Father's!

"'With other eyes too could I now look upon my fellow-man; with an infinite Love, an infinite Pity. Poor, wandering, wayward man! Art thou not tried, and beaten with stripes, even as I am? Ever, whether thou bear the Royal Mantle or the Beggar's gabardine, art thou not so weary, so heavy-laden? and thy Bed of Rest is but a Grave. O my Brother, my Brother! why cannot I shelter thee in my bosom, and wipe away all tears from thy eyes? — Truly, the din of many-voiced Life, which, in this solitude, with the mind's organ, I could hear, was no longer a maddening discord, but a melting one; like inarticulate cries, and sobbings of a dumb creature, which in the ear of Heaven are prayers. The poor Earth, with her poor joys, was now my needy Mother, not my cruel Stepdame; Man, with his so mad wants and so mean Endeavors, had become the dearer to me; and even for his sufferings and his sins, I now first named him Brother. Thus was I standing in the porch of that '*Sanctuary of Sorrow*;' by strange, steep ways, had I too been guided thither; and ere long its sacred gates would open, and the '*Divine Depth of Sorrow*' lie disclosed to me.'

"The Professor says, he here first got eye on the Knot that had been strangling him, and straightway could unfasten it, and was free. 'A vain interminable controversy,' writes he, 'touching what is at present called Origin of Evil, or some such thing, arises in every soul, since the beginning of the world; and in every soul, that would pass from idle Suffering into actual Endeavoring, must first be put an end to. The most, in our time, have to go content with a simple, incomplete enough Suppression of this controversy; to a few some Solution of it is indispensable. In every new era, too, such Solution comes out in different terms; and ever the Solution of the last era has become obsolete, and is found unserviceable. For it is man's nature to change his Dialect from century to century; he cannot help it though he would. The authentic *Church-Catechism* of our present century has not yet fallen into my hands; meanwhile, for my own private behoof,

I attempt to elucidate the matter so. Man's Unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his Greatness; it is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the Finite. Will the whole Finance Ministers and Upholsterers and Confectioners of modern Europe undertake, in joint stock company, to make one Shoebblack HAPPY? They cannot accomplish it, above an hour or two; for the Shoebblack also has a Soul quite other than his Stomach; and would require, if you consider it, for his permanent satisfaction and saturation, simply this allotment, no more and no less: *God's Infinite Universe allotted together to himself*, therein to enjoy infinitely, and fill every wish as fast as it rose. Oceans of Hochheimer, a throat like that of Ophiuchus! speak not of them; to the infinite Shoebblack they are as nothing. No sooner is your ocean filled, than he grumbles that it might have been of better vintage. Try him with half of a Universe, of an Omnipotence, he sets to quarrelling with the proprietor of the other half, and declares himself the most maltreated of men. Always there is a black spot in our sunshine: it is even, as I said, the *Shadow of Ourselves*.

“ ‘But the whim we have of Happiness is somewhat thus. By certain valuations, and averages, of our own striking, we come upon some sort of average terrestrial lot; this we fancy belongs to us by nature, and of indefeasible right. It is simple payment of our wages, of our deserts; requires neither thanks nor complaint: only such *overplus* as there may be do we account Happiness; any *deficit* again is misery. Now consider that we have the valuation of our own deserts ourselves, and what a fund of Self-Conceit there is in each of us, — do you wonder that the balance should so often dip the wrong way, and many a Blockhead cry: See there, what a payment; was ever worthy gentleman so used? — I tell thee, Blockhead, it all comes of thy Vanity; of what thou *fanciest* those same deserts of thine to be. Fancy that thou deservest to be hanged (as is most likely), thou wilt feel it happiness to be only shot: fancy that thou deservest to be hanged in a hair-halter, it will be a luxury to die in hemp.

“ ‘So true is it, what I then said, that *the Fraction of Life can be increased in value not so much by increasing your Numerator, as by lessening your Denominator*. Nay, unless my Algebra deceive me, *Unity* itself divided by *Zero* will give *Infinity*. Make thy claim of wages a zero, then; thou hast the world under thy feet. Well did the wisest of our time write: ‘It is only with Renunciation (*Entsagen*) that Life, properly speaking, can be said to begin.’

“ ‘I asked myself: what is this that, ever since earliest years, thou hast been fretting and fuming, and lamenting and self-tormenting, on account of? Say it, in a word: is it not because thou art not

HAPPY? Because the THOU (sweet gentleman) is not sufficiently honored, nourished, soft-bedded, and lovingly cared for? Foolish soul! What Act of Legislature was there that *thou* shouldst be Happy? A little while ago thou hadst no right to *be* at all. What if thou wert born and predestined not to be Happy, but to be Unhappy? Art thou nothing other than a Vulture, then, that fliest through the Universe seeking after somewhat to *eat*; and shrieking dolefully because carrion enough is not given thee? Close thy *Byron*; open thy *Goethe*.'

"*Es leuchtet mir ein*, I see a glimpse of it!' cries he elsewhere: 'there is in man a HIGHER than Love of Happiness: he can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness! Was it not to preach forth this same HIGHER that sages and martyrs, the Poet and the Priest, in all times, have spoken and suffered; bearing testimony, through life and through death, of the Godlike that is in Man, and how in the Godlike only has he Strength and Freedom? Which God-inspired Doctrine art thou too honored to be taught: O Heavens! and broken with manifold merciful Afflictions, even till thou become contrite, and learn it? O thank thy Destiny for these; thankfully bear what yet remain: thou hadst need of them; the Self in thee needed to be annihilated. By benignant fever-paroxysms is Life rooting out the deep-seated chronic Disease, and triumphs over Death. On the roaring billows of Time, thou art not engulfed, but borne aloft into the azure of Eternity. Love not Pleasure; love God. This is the EVER-LASTING YEA, wherein all contradiction is solved; wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him.'

"And again: 'Small is it that thou canst trample the Earth with its injuries under thy feet, as old Greek Zeno trained thee: thou canst love the Earth while it injures thee, and even because it injures thee; for this a Greater than Zeno was needed, and he too was sent. Knowest thou that '*Worship of Sorrow*?' The Temple thereof, opened some eighteen centuries ago, now lies in ruins, overgrown with jungle, the habitation of doleful creatures: nevertheless venture forward; in a low crypt, arched out of falling fragments, thou findest the Altar still there, and its sacred Lamp perennially burning.'"

We must here close our extracts from this little volume, which, as our readers, we trust, are by this time aware, contains, under a quaint and singular form, a great deal of deep thought, sound principle, and fine writing. It is, we believe, no secret in England or here, that it is the work of a person to whom the public is indebted for a number of articles in the late British Reviews, which have attracted great atten-

tion by the singularity of their style, and the richness and depth of their matter. Among these may be mentioned particularly those on *Characteristics* and the *Life of Burns* in the *Edinburgh Review*, and on *Goethe* in the *Foreign Quarterly*. We have been partly led to take this notice of the work before us by the wish, which the author expresses, that a knowledge of his labors might penetrate into the Far West. We take pleasure in introducing to the American public a writer, whose name is yet in a great measure unknown among us, but who is destined, we think, to occupy a large space in the literary world. We have heard it intimated, that Mr. Carlyle has it in contemplation to visit this country, and we can venture to assure him, that, should he carry this intention into effect, he will meet with a cordial welcome. If his conversation should prove as agreeable as his writings, and he should feel a disposition to take up his abode in the "Far West," we have little doubt that he may find in some one of the hundred universities of our country, a *Weissnichtwo*, at which he may profess his favorite science of Things-in-General with even more satisfaction and advantage, than in the *Edinburgh Review* or *Fraser's Magazine*.

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ART. X. — *Worcester's Dictionary.*

*A Comprehensive Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary of the English Language ; with Pronouncing vocabularies of Classical, Scripture and Modern Geographical Names.* By J. E. WORCESTER. Carefully revised and enlarged. Boston. 1835.

MR. WORCESTER is not one of those persons who are disposed to shrink from labor ; on the contrary, he appears to love hard work for its own sake, and to be led by inclination to those objects of pursuit, in which most men are with difficulty induced to engage by the urgency of some controlling motive. We have already had occasion more than once to draw the attention of our readers to the results of his industry. Nearly twenty years ago, he became known to the public by his geographical researches. His *Universal Gazetteer* was